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A WORD FOR THE ILLUSTRATOR.

In considering the development of modern art one cannot fail to be impressed with the very considerable part contributed by the men and women who draw for illustration. With the advent of process engraving the way was opened for many artists who heretofore had been hampered by the requirements of drawing on the wood block and in monochrome.

In the past often looked on only as a means of immediate livelihood, and not taken altogether seriously, artists have realized that in these days of multiplying magazines, illustration may offer a pretty wide field for the employment of their talent and call for a technical equipment of the first class.

Nowhere in the world are magazines so abundantly illustrated and so well printed as in America. Our public is a reading one and has learned to appreciate the added interest that attaches to reading accompanied by illustrations. The young artist just out of the schools, whose equipment includes the capacity to draw the figure well and a fair idea of composition, will find little difficulty in securing opportunities to show what he can do. The Art Editors are constantly searching out new talent and the ambitious student need have no fear of not being at least carefully considered. The rewards of the successful illustrator are very considerable, and he does not have to wait for the casual buyer, nor does his art involve the creating of something out of nothing. I mean by this that the illustrator's subject is chosen for him, or at least the motive, and he puts it into form as his mind and artistic conceptions may dictate. Illustrations must help tell a story—that is their purpose, but there is a very wide latitude afforded the artist by the better magazines and in many instances the illustration has quite the value of an original painting. Owing to modern improvements in photography and the increasing use of color, illustrators may now draw in practically any medium they prefer. Many of the illustrations to-day are really finished color drawings in oil, water-color, pastel, etc.

Time spent by the young illustrator in learning something of the effects produced by current reproductive methods is well spent, for he is then in a position to accent or alter his work to provide for the effect he wishes to retain. The illustrator of to-day is the painter of to-morrow, in many instances, and the student of art will find, if he searches the records with a seeing eye, that many of the greatest painters of the past are but illustrators of a sublimated sort. I am only pointing out a fact that we sometimes overlook, that the art of illustration need not be in any sense a trivial or unworthy art. Our magazines are helping us on the way toward a better appreciation of all art.

JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

* * *

I like to add a few words to the above article.

Mr. J. B. Carrington, who for many years has been associated with the Editorial Department of *Scribner's Magazine*, is an authority on the subject which he discusses, and it gives me pleasure to recall a lecture which I heard him deliver on "American Illustration of To-day," which was not merely a discussion of technical matters, but afforded an opportunity by numerous lantern slides, to compare the work of various artists and give an impression of the conditions under which they work and the particular qualifications that contribute to individual success.

This is a lecture which should be heard by every Art Institution, and I will be glad to furnish any information desired.

* * *

The note on Mr. Dabo in the last number contained an inaccuracy in the name of the artist. The young man referred to is Mr. T. Scott Dabo, who is now in Paris. Mr. Léon Dabo is his older brother, an artist of excellent parts, who has studied in Paris, but is now at his studio, 25 East 14th street, where I saw some of his work which I consider highly meritorious.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH S. A. A. EXHIBITION.

The exhibition is a good one—better than before.

The jury might have omitted a few numbers and surely have found better work among the large number of accepted canvases that were not hung *cui bono*!

The Hanging Committee, consisting of Louis and Charles C. Curran—Mr. Herbert Adams having charge of the placing of the sculptures—made two errors, but they are gigantic. They hung in the place of honor in the Van der Bilt gallery, a painting by James W. Alexander—why? On account of the social prominence of the lady portrayed? Or on account of the magnificent sculpturesque frame? Surely, not because they claim it to be a painting worthy of the best place? It is even unworthy of Alexander's brush; its Burne-Jones attitude, the higgledy-piggledy color scheme, are most unsatisfactory. It is a *tour de force*, and nothing else, not even a good likeness.

The other egregious error was in the hanging of the last number of the catalogue, No. 479, "Harmony in Silver and Green," by Albert Groll, over the door in the ante-room, where the McKinley statue stands. To place this dainty bit of pigment in the very worst place of the whole exhibit must be more than an oversight—it is apparently a slight, a slap at a man who has been attracting too much attention of late. Otherwise, the two judges of last resort have done their work tolerably well, and may be discharged from further duty—with thanks.

Some of the best work hangs in the small West Gallery. Skied there is a fine painting from the brush of Henry Salem Hubbell, "The Caress." It is a sympathetic portrayal of motherhood, of good tonal quality as a painting. A wonderfully strong nude, "The Heart of the Forest," by Warren B. Davis, shows the genius of the artist in his morbidezza, and in the satisfactory way in which he handles the landscape setting. Henry Reuterdahl's "Sundown—Destroyer in Mid-Ocean," is startling and powerful. One of the best portraits of the exhibition hangs here—it is Charles W. Hawthorne's Portrait of Dr. Lyman Abbott, while Alphonse Jongers' "Portrait of a Violinist" is far better than that other one of his in the South Gallery, of a harpist, whose hands hardly convince one of her musical propensities.

In the South Gallery one sees a charming little study, No. 18, by Eugenè P. Ullman, who has good work elsewhere. B. C. Potter's portrait of a boy is attractive. The prize picture by Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman, "A September Morning," is full of the rising dew that scintillates in the struggling light. Her little picture, tucked away in a corner of the West Gallery, is equally beautiful. John W. Alexander's "Butterfly," No. 46, and "A Mother," No. 136, are worthy of the man, full of feeling, and executed with his usual dexterity.

A contributor, who is well known in the Paris Salon, comes forth at last in the New York lime light, after his triumphs in Philadelphia. He is H. O. Tanner. His canvas, "Job and His Three Friends," is markedly strong in individuality. There is fine grouping in F. Luis Mora's "Canciones y Refrescos," and excellent color. I found great pleasure in studying Carlton T. Chapman's "Squally Day, North River," No. 56, which marks a wide step forward over his work of only a few years back. He is finding himself in strength and technical efficiency.

The work of men who long have battled for recognition is at last being recognized. There is powerful work by W. Glackens, with an intensely active "May Day," No. 346; Robert Henri, with a "Spanish Dancer," No. 377; Maurice Prendergast, with "The Willows," No. 412, Jules Guerin, with "The Bridge—Winter," No. 55, and others. Emil Carlsen received deservedly the Webb prize for his "Night—Old Windham," No. 384, although the "Rising Storm," No. 294, is

equally strong. There is a spirited presentation of the Metropolitan Handicap by William J. Hays. The skied picture, "Night Calm," by W. Granville Smith, No. 306, is one of his best. Another skied picture, No. 295, "Moonlight in Picardy," deserved also a better fate, for it is luminous and shows the artist's progress. W. E. Scofield's "Cloud Shadow," No. 333, is, as usual, a strong portrayal of nature, while A. T. Van Laer's No. 314, "The Wood Lot," is equally satisfactory. Ben Foster has done nobly in his "Nightfall Along Shore," which is bold and compelling; and Edwin B. Child has a strong note in "An Old Marble Quarry," No. 361. I like to single out as one of the best little sketches in the exhibition, No. 399, by Mabel Deming Hobart, "Luxembourg Garden," with exquisite tonality and vivacious treatment.

As a whole, the exhibition gives the impression of having more work of a distinctly decorative character, the figure men are rapidly coming forward.

The sculptural part consists of but few numbers. Of these I can only point to No. 116, "Boy and Goat Playing," by Abastenia Eberle and Anna Hyatt, which is well modelled. The little group, No. 420, which Paul Nocquet calls "Effort," is a splendid piece of the sculpture of strenuousness, and the little animal bronzes by Eli Harvey are delightful.

Section 317 of the Penal Code reads:

"Any person who sells, lends, gives away or shows, or offers to sell . . . any obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting book . . . paper . . . picture, drawing . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor . . ."

This is the section of the Penal Code under which Mr. Anthony Comstock presumes to go into a reputable place of business and to order the removal from the show window of a work of art, representing a few nude tots playing in the water on the beach; the section under which Mr. Anthony Comstock enters a business place in North William street, and, after spying around, confiscates the catalogue of the paintings which were publicly exhibited at the Paris Salon last year.

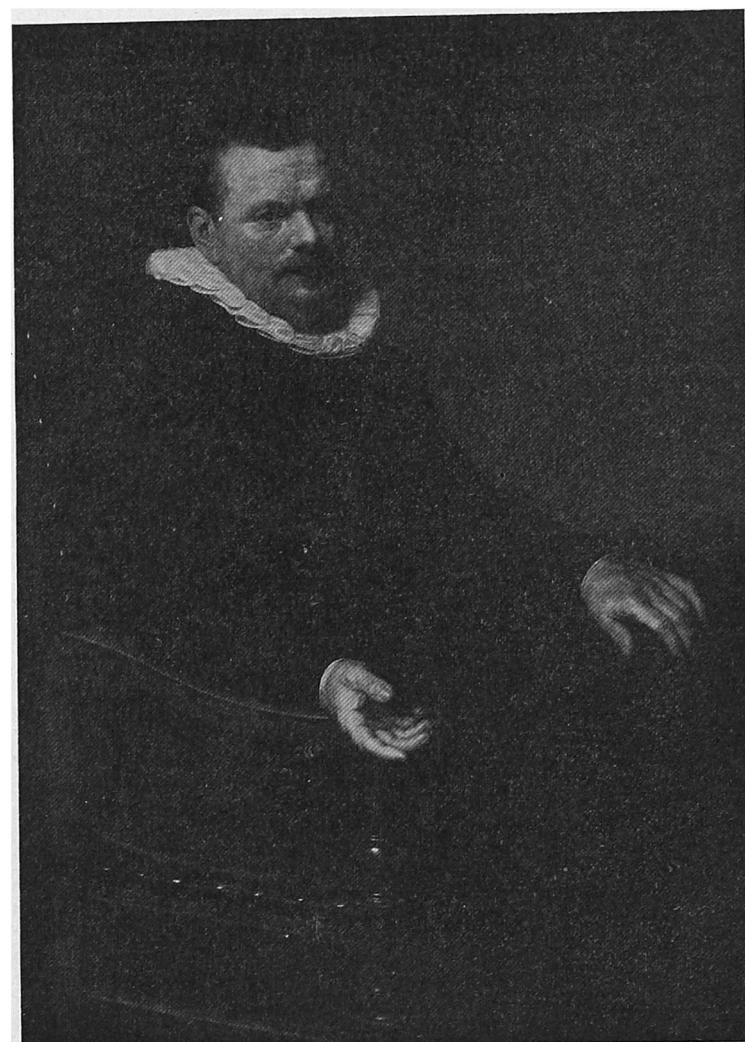
Is it time that the wings of this self-appointed Mentor of Public Morals be clipped?

The example of the Metropolis in permitting prurient hypocrisy to fetter art, is now followed by a few other communities. In Richmond, Va., a dealer was arrested and convicted and sentenced to jail for exposing for sale a reproduction of Sir Frederick Leighton's "Psyche's Bath."

What is the matter with these moral spasms?

Studies in the nude will always excite different emotions in the breasts of different people. A picture is indecent if it be immodestly suggestive. It is perhaps difficult to point out the subtle difference between the correct thing and that which carries to the senses an impression not exactly correct. But it is largely dependent on the person seeing, and much less on the object itself. Those who look for suggestion rarely fail to find it. Those who desire animal impressions generally receive them and are disappointed if they do not. But people who are looking for something else, for art, for beauty, often overlook or fail to detect what is apparent, because looked for by "the nasty nice people." Temperament, training, mental and moral habits, are all factors in the impressions conveyed and received.

Beyond question a bad picture has a corrupting influence on the mind, but to class works, which are universally accepted as art productions, under the category of being "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting," is bigotry, insane prurience and blatant notoriety seeking.



THOMAS DE KEYSER

PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH GENTLEMAN

In the Blakeslee Collection.

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC:

Dear Sir:—Could you recommend a suitable person to clean and restore an old picture that I have had for a number of years?

Very truly yours,

SUBSCRIBER.

This question is occasionally asked, and for the guidance of those who wish to know, I gladly mention Mr. Herbert N. Carmer, a young man, who a few years ago returned from Paris, where he had studied for five years with M. Gatti, one of the best known restorers of paintings in Europe. He has been occupied ever since with cleaning and restoring, and has always given complete satisfaction. I will gladly furnish further information to those interested.

"The sum of our mentality remains the same, only its expression changes. It is an error to assume that there is continual mental progress. For the plastic arts human genius reached its highest point in Phidias; for music in Beethoven; for poetry in Shakespeare. Goethe wrote his verse by the rays of a tallow candle; to-day by the light of Siemen's burners, we get the rankest commonplace."—Reinhold Begas.